UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Education of Theodore Parker - - - - - - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

Theodore Parker and Horace Mann, 1837-1937 - - - - - - - - - *Charles Lyttle*

Modern Unitarianism - - *Curtis W. Reese*

The Brother of the Unknown Soldier Speaks - - - - - - *Richard A. Dawson*

VOLUME CXIX NUMBER 6

Chicago, May 17, 1937

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Semi-Monthly *Subscription $3.00*
Until Further Notice *Single Copies 15 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter May 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Board of Directors

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. IDA S. RANDALL
MR. JAMES E. TUCKER
ALSON H. ROBINSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
FRED W. SHORTER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
TARAKNATH DAS
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 107
Jottings—J. H. H. 110

ARTICLES—

Selected—*Theodore Parker* 107
The Education of Theodore Parker—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 110
Theodore Parker and Horace Mann, 1837-1937—CHARLES LYTTLE 115
Modern Unitarianism—CURTIS W. REESE 117
The Brother of the Unknown Soldier Speaks—RICHARD A. DAWSON 120
My Russian Impressions, XII, XIII—RABINDRANATH TAGORE (Translated by BASANTA KOOMAR ROY) 122

POETRY—

When a Mad Bull Attacks—STANTON A. COBLENTZ 109
On Memorializing War—ROBERT WHITAKER 114

CORRESPONDENCE—

Heroes of Peace—ABRAHAM CRONBACH, *Secretary of the Peace Heroes Memorial Society* 124
Japanese Invasions in Seattle—SYDNEY STRONG 124

THE FIELD—

A Practical Question Involving the Attitude of the Church to the War System—Union Church of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., John Paul Jones, Minister 106
Swiss Air Raid Defense—*No-frontier News Service* 124

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Practical Question Involving the Attitude of the Church to the War System*

"Most members of the church are aware that there is a bronze plaque in the rear of the church which was placed there by members of the church 'in honor of the men who offered the full measure of their service in the World War 1917-1919.' Following the church service on April 4, which made special recognition of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Declaration of War by the United States, the pastor of the church received a letter. It is printed below:

'April 5, 1937.

Dear Mr. Jones:

The disastrous experience of the past twenty years prompts me to write you tonight regarding the plaque in the church commemorating those members of the church who served in the World War.

If I recollect correctly the motto "The Right Is Greater Than Peace" heads the list of names, among which is mine. Personally I was never sure we were "right," and now I am sure we were wrong.

Sincerely as I appreciate the motives prompting its erection, I believe that our duty as our conscience dictates is to remove that plaque, especially before the church is decorated; and to remove thereby the inference that we are still proud of an act very few of us would repeat in the light of our present knowledge. Nor do we wish to have it as an example of what we would want our sons to do.

I assume this action would have to be sanctioned by whatever body authorized the erection of the plaque. If it no longer exists, I am quite positive that a poll of the men whose names are on this plaque would justify its removal. Personally I would like to see some action taken on this matter.

Most sincerely'

The pastor would welcome correspondence on the issue raised. The writer of the letter is known to the pastor, but his name is withheld that the issue may be discussed entirely on its merits without reference to personalities. This is a subject on which emotionalism and patriotic feelings often obscure rather than clarify matters. Let it be remembered that this plaque represents the only list of names publicly singled out and continually

*From Calendar, Union Church of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y. John Paul Jones, Minister.

(*Continued on page* 124)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIX MONDAY, MAY 17, 1937 No. 6

THE COMING CHURCH

The church that is to lead this century . . . must be full of the brave, manly spirit of the day, keeping also the good of times past. There is a terrific energy in this age, for man was never so much developed, so much the master of himself before. Great truths, moral and political, have come to light. They fly quickly. The iron prophet of types publishes his visions, of weal or woe, to the near and far. This marvelous age . . . demands, as never before, freedom for itself, usefulness in its institutions, truth in its teachings, and beauty in its deeds. Let a church have that freedom, that usefulness, truth, and beauty, and the energy of this age will be on its side. But the church which did for the fifth century, or the fifteenth, will not do for this.

—Theodore Parker.

PATIENCE, TOLERANCE, GOOD-WILL

It was an amazing thing the other day when Heywood Broun denounced fair play, extolled the closed mind, and in the pages of the *Nation* called for the suppression of those who disagreed with himself on the Supreme Court issue. It was as though Broun's mind had suddenly burst, its cool, calm reason breaking up into fragments of wild temper. Just as a single instance of spiritual collapse, this case would be sad; but what is sad becomes tragic as a sign of the times. Liberals everywhere are flying into fits of petulance and anger. Accustomed to agree, they amazingly find themselves disagreeing on all kinds of unexpected questions. The President's proposal anent the Supreme Court, for example—we spoke last week of the hopeless divisions not so much between liberals and conservatives as between liberals and liberals, and also between conservatives and conservatives! The sit-down strike has split wide open every existing group of serious social thinkers. As for Spain, and the problems of war and peace, democracy and tyranny involved in that tragic situation, unanimity of opinion has long since become as impossible as clarity of thought. The pacifist groups, alas, are shot to pieces on this issue, as are the Socialists and all religious groups. What has suddenly appeared these days is an inward chaos to match the outward chaos. Everything is breaking up, ideas as well as institutions, moral principles as well as social practices, and we know not what to think or do. It used to be so easy to have right opinions, to know what policies were dictated by the liberal viewpoint, and now it is so difficult! In such a situation, only one thing is clear, and that is our attitude toward each other in these distracting days. We must be patient, that we may have time to find our way through this entangling wilderness. We must be tolerant, respecting scrupulously all conflicting opinions and ideas, and suggesting no unworthy motives or treasonable desertions. And we must feel good-will—love one another as we trust one another, though the world seems lost in hate. The one unpardonable sin these days, it seems to us, is dogmatism and the arrogant spirit which accompanies dogmatism. The one person with whom we cannot sympathize is the person who knows it all, has the absolutely and exclusively correct answer to every question, and presents the one program which, without a single reservation, can alone save the nation and mankind. Such supreme conceit of opinion we can abide as little in the political and social as in the theological world.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE BUDGET

Mr. Roosevelt's budget message to Congress revealed a lovely financial mess. When has a President ever had to make so abject a confession of miscalculation and mismanagement! It may be well to remember that the President has been balancing the national budget now for some time. Thus, he informed Congress and the public generally that the budget would be balanced in June, 1936. Then he changed his mind in the face of figures, and said that the balance would come in 1937. Later, he confessed to Congress that the happy hour of equilibrium would have to be postponed until 1938. Now he has virtually moved it up to the fiscal year 1939. This is worse than the Red Queen in "Alice Through the Looking Glass" who had to run as fast as she could in order to stay where she was. Mr. Roosevelt races all the time on facile promises, and yet is steadily falling behind. One reason for the administration's failure to put its financial house in order is of course to be found in the record of ever-mounting expenditures. Look at the figures and hold your head: in 1933, $5,100,000,000; in 1934, $6,700,000,000; in 1935, $6,850,000,000; in 1936, deducting the soldiers' bonus, $7,100,000,000; this year, estimated $7,600,000,000. And next year, so we are told, expenditures will amount to $7,725,000,000. As Governor of New York, Mr. Roosevelt wrote the record

of the grossest extravagance in the history of the State; now, as President, he is repeating his record in Washington. And notice, please, that this mounting curve of expenditure runs right through the period of recovery, in which we are now living! Here we see a great improvement of business, an impressive increase of employment, something like a doubling of industrial payrolls and a remarkable gain in farm incomes. The whole philosophy of the administration, as borrowed from John M. Keynes, of England, is that government should run deficits in times of depression, and *surpluses to pay off accumulated debts* in times of prosperity. But Mr. Roosevelt keeps right on blithely with his deficits! When has the nation seen anything like it, and how long can the nation stand it? It's an exciting situation, with inflation coming faster 'round that corner than ever prosperity did in the old days. What we need today is first of all a finance minister who can at least estimate income within $500,000,000 of actual totals. Then we need a president who can save money at least half as effectively as he can spend it. In saying which, let it be added, we have no intention of advocating economies at the expense of the millions of helpless men and women still on relief! That is of course where economies will begin, if they ever begin at all, which is a crime all by itself. But why not start savings where we could start them—namely, in the vast expenditures for army and navy? More than a billion dollars this year for armaments! Remember that, and ask what insanity it is that has us in its clutches.

ISRAEL'S VIA DOLOROSA

Darker and more terrible grows the way of Israel in these twentieth century years. It seems strange, and as ghastly as strange, that the horrors of earlier and more barbaric ages should be outdone in this late period of history. Yet for the Jews this is the sober fact. On one day last month there appeared side by side on the same front page two stories calculated, like the Ghost's tale to Hamlet, to

> ". . . harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
> Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
> Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end."

The first story was the more pitiful—the seizing by the Nazis of the children's homes, sanitariums and homes for the aged of the B'nai B'rith in Germany, and the turning of the evicted inmates into the streets. This is war against the old and sick, babies and little children. It would seem as though no humans in the world would be guilty of such cruelty even to animals. But Jews in Germany are worse than animals! The Jewish community, we are told, was helpless to care for the helpless victims, so suddenly fell the blow. They could only endure their misery, these wretched folk, and pray to God for succor. The other story, much more significant if less immediately heart-breaking, was the official announcement of the closing of the National Union Party in Poland to all Jews. This Party is the only political party in Poland. Therefore, this act of exclusion, which affects three million Jews, is equivalent to disfranchisement and loss of citizenship. It is the first step in a great policy of expatriation which must sooner or later drive three million Polish Jews to "the eternal road" of exile. From Poland as from Germany must pour the tide of refugees. Where these Jews are to go, no one knows. Perhaps many of them will just die, and thus find the one sure escape from misery. Jesus stumbling down his *via dolorosa* to the agony of Golgotha is all we can seem to see in this living horror. And it is the so-called civilization which bears Christ's name which does this thing!

THE BALANCE OF POWER

We have said in these columns that no war would come in Europe until a balance of power had been perfected between two competing and contending groups of nations. We used to be told that a balance of power was the way to maintain peace. But in 1914 we discovered that this very balance was what occasioned, among other things, the conflict of arms. The same thing is true today! No nation will go to war without knowledge or assurance as to what nations will fight for and against her. Austria would never have forced the issue in 1914 had she not felt that Germany and Italy were bound in alliance to sustain her cause. France, in the same way, would have held back had she not known that Russia and Britain were with her. In the present situation, the very confusion of the scene, the uncertainty as to how the nations will line up in case of war, is helping to maintain peace. But the scene is clearing. Not encouraging but terribly disquieting is the fact that alliances are one by one being formed, and a balance of power slowly but surely taking shape. Thus, months ago, France and Russia reached an understanding exactly comparable to the fatal *entente* of pre-War days. Sometime later Austria signed an agreement with Germany, by the consent of Italy, which to all intents and purposes made Austria a part of the Reich. Then Germany and Italy joined hands in an arrangement which Mussolini characteristically described as "an olive branch sprouting from the roots of 8,000,000 bayonets," but is none the less an armed alliance for war. Lastly, Germany and Japan unite their forces against Russia. What we have, in this succession of events, is a crystallizing of that balance of power, which, when perfected, will lead straight to the next war. Only in Belgium's action in breaking her alliance with France have we had of late any hopeful move toward peace. Only a universal alliance, a genuine, all-inclusive internationalism like that of the federal states of America, can end

the threat of war. Short of this, the more we can keep the nations from forming separate, hostile, and competing alliances, the better for us all. Balances of power are fatal!

NIEMOLLER, GOD'S HERO

We sing the praises of Pastor Niemoller, of Berlin. We have sung these praises before, but would sing them again not for the help of a man who is far above our help but for the refreshment and strengthening of our own soul. For four years now, undaunted, this preacher who was once a U-boat captain, has been defying Hitler with a courage greater than in the war he showed against any enemy. Sunday after Sunday he has donned his surplice over his naval uniform and preached to packed congregations for religious freedom. A few Sundays ago, according to an account by Dorothy Thompson, Niemoller stepped before the chancel of his church in the suburb of Dahlem, and asked his congregation to repeat after him a prayer for Pastor X—— (calling his name), imprisoned during the last twelve months in the concentration camp at Oranienburg. And for Pastor Y——, imprisoned for three months in another camp. And so on, through twelve names. And then he said, "My beloved congregation, in closing this service I have a last word of advice. *Gather together what little you have, and seek by any means possible to leave this country for a free land.*" Niemoller was not arrested because not yet do the secret police of Germany dare to touch an officer in uniform! Yet Niemoller's peril is enormous, greater perhaps than that of any other churchman, since, where arrest is not possible or feasible, assassination, or a "purge," as they call it in the Reich, is always at hand. The heroism of this episode is therefore evident. So is its horror. For note that final advice to leave the country! Niemoller obviously sees no hope. The stories in the newspapers these days about the approaching dissolution of the Hitler rule, or the growing discontent forecasting an uprising of the people, apparently have no ground in fact. Niemoller knows nothing about them. They are wish-fulfilments, as the psychologists put it, cherished by those who do not share and therefore cannot realize the darkness of Nazi Germany. But light is not utterly extinguished, as witness this heroic minister of God!

THOMAS MANN VISITS AMERICA

It may be doubtful if any greater author lives in the world today than Thomas Mann. The vast acclaim given this Nobel Prize winner on his recent visit to New York was a true measure of his renown. Mann is not only a supreme literary genius but a profound student and interpreter of the times, a kind of major prophet. Thus, the first book which brought him international fame, *Buddenbrooks,* was a picture of the break-up of our western middle-class civilization as typified by the decline and fall of a bourgeois European family. His immortal *The Magic Mountain* presents the chaos of the European society and mind which followed upon the awful catastrophe of the World War. His latest work, the colossal *Joseph and His Brethren* is a kind of Homeric improvisation upon the theme of all contemporary life, doing for our day what the *Iliad* did for early Greece. Thomas Mann, in his personal presence, looks the part of greatness. His superb stature and inherent vigor belie his sixty years. His contenance is granitic, stern yet lovely like the light of sunshine on a rocky cliff. The genius reveals itself—in speech also, as well as mien. For fortunately his public appearances have added potently the work of the tongue to that of the pen. Mann's greatest service to humanity at this moment is unquestionably his self-exile from Hitler's Germany. He is doing for the better spirits of the world today what Romain Rolland did in his self-exile from France in 1914-1918. Mann's utterances today remind us inevitably of those sublime utterances of Rolland in the early days of the War which were later gathered together into that memorable volume, *Above the Battle.* In Mann today, as in Rolland yesterday, speaks the conscience of mankind. Need we any other indictment of the Hitler regime than the refusal of this great spirit to live within the borders of his native land under Nazi rule? In his ivory tower of artistry Mann would be among the greatest of modern men, but now that he moves in the arena of the world's agony, he is already numbered among the immortals.

NORMAN HAPGOOD

It is a tragic circumstance that NORMAN HAPGOOD should have died so soon after taking editorial charge of the *Christian Register.* That was an interesting experiment—the placing of a layman at the head of a religious publication! Norman Hapgood had had a distinguished career as editor of *Collier's Weekly* and *Harper's Weekly,* and as an author, critic, and publicist. But it was a new thing to have charge of a religious weekly—a novelty on both sides. Mr. Hapgood will be widely mourned and sorely missed. He was the perfect liberal—a man of open mind, tolerant spirit, deep culture, an unfailing interest in human affairs, a rigorous conscience, and high ideals. This type is getting scarce these days, to the impoverishment of the world of its finest substance of moral and spiritual life. When such men are in the ascendant again, we shall know that the world is saved.

When a Mad Bull Attacks

When a mad bull attacks a man, we cry,
"The vicious brute! Such monsters ought to die!"
But when a million humans bomb and slash,
We hail them "Heroes!"—and bright banners fly.

—STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Jottings

Our opposition to the President's Supreme Court policy has cost us subscribers. We knew it would! Here, for some curious reason, is a question on which most people are absolutely intolerant. Well, we are *not!* We have our convictions and the reasons therefor, and will state them though we are the only subscriber left. But if any editor, or subscriber, or friend, or enemy wants to oppose us and support the President in these columns, in letter or article, he is invited to do so. *This paper is FREE!*

First, John L. Sullivan; and now, John L. Lewis! What's the magic in that name, "John L."?

Here is some more information about the work of the Carnegie Peace Foundation! We now learn that, in addition to the history of the World War in 152 volumes, already referred to in this column, the Foundation is publishing a history of the relations between Canada and the United States in 44 volumes. The Foundation is evidently ambitious to fill not a five-foot but a five-mile shelf.

General Franco, while leading his Italian and German troops against Madrid, finds time to protest to Geneva against Britain's so-called intervention in the war as a violation of neutrality. Give the General a Nobel Prize for gall!

> "A man has written a novel of 50,110 words without using a single 'e.' He tied down the 'e' bar on his typewriter."
>
> —New York *Times.*

A novel of this kind should have been written without using any letters at all!

A friend of ours speaks a kind word for Hitler because he is an anti-vivisectionist and a vegetarian. But what is the persecution of the Jews but vivisection —and what are the concentration camps but slaughter-houses? If Hitler is the model anti-vivisectionist and vegetarian, then let's return to butchery!

J. H. H.

The Education of Theodore Parker*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

In Theodore Parker's Journal, under date of February, 1834, there appears the following entry:

> "I consulted Mr. Francis about going to Cambridge soon, and joining the present junior class; he thought it a good plan, and gave me letters of introduction to Mr. Ware. I have walked to Cambridge this afternoon, and seen all the Faculty; have resolved to make the attempt; so I shall finish school-keeping on the first of April, and remove to Cambridge, take a room at the Hall, and commence study."

Parker had studied informally at Harvard College, entering with the freshman class of 1830, but living at home and carrying on all his studies by himself, going down to Cambridge from the farm in Lexington only to take the examinations. He had not been given a degree because he had been a non-resident and had paid no tuition fees. He had then taken up teaching in Boston, and in April, 1832, at Watertown, where he came under the benign influence of Dr. Convers Francis, minister of the Unitarian church, and later Parkman Professor at the Harvard Divinity School. Dr. Francis exerted decisive influence over Parker at the decisive moment of his life. He discovered his abilities, stood amazed at the range and quality of his knowledge, and was sensitive to those inner mystic qualities of the soul which already marked out the young man as a religious leader. Dr. Francis gave him access to his rather remarkable private library, guided his omniverous reading and adventurous speculation, and smoothed the way for his entrance into the Divinity School at Cambridge. Francis was a timid man, no fighter, but he was learned, a liberal scholar in the best sense of the word, with a mind open to light from every quarter and familiar with books of every school. Parker would have liked to have been a Francis in a greater way, had not his life turned on other issues.

Parker resided at the Divinity School as a regular student, as he had not done at the College when he was an informal undergraduate. When he told his father in the summer of 1830 that he had matriculated as a freshman at Cambridge, the old man had cried out in perplexity, "Why, Theodore, you know I cannot support you there." There were no resources in the family to help him. But the young man's two years of teaching had enabled him to save up a hundred and fifty dollars, over and above some two hundred dollars spent in Watertown for books and a little clothing. Expenses at the School were not heavy—sixty-six dollars annually for tuition and care of room, and one dollar and ninety cents a week for board in "commons." For a time Parker cut the latter item by boarding himself at fifty cents a week for dry bread. He abandoned this dangerous asceticism when he was granted aid from a beneficiary fund amounting to a hundred and ten to a hundred and fifty dollars for the year. Then he did some tutoring—two students in Hebrew, one in Greek, and one in German. He did some translating, as, for example, some papers of LaFayette for Jared Sparks. It was hard work and abstemious living; but O. B. Frothingham points out in his biography that it was shared by fellow-students as poor as himself, and thus was a rule of life for a

*An address presented to the Harvard Divinity School Alumni.

group rather than an accident of deprivation for an individual.

The faculty in these days, called the Faculty of Theology, and incidentally listed first in the College Catalogue, consisted of Hon. Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard, Dr. Henry Ware, Hollis Professor of Divinity, whose appointment thirty years before had precipitated the Unitarian controversy, his son, Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care, and Dr. John G. Palfrey, Professor of Biblical Literature and Dean of the Faculty. The elder Ware, now an old gentleman, gave courses on Evidences of Revealed Religion, Church History, and Systematic Theology; the younger Ware handled the homiletics and public speaking department; and Dr. Palfrey taught Hebrew, and the Criticism of the Old and the New Testament. In addition to these, there was the great Andrews Norton, now retired from the faculty, but a continuing influence none the less.

Of all these men, Henry Ware, Jr., was the nearest to Parker's life. He was a man of feeble health, but potent spirit. In an early letter, the young student speaks of him as "one of the finest men I have ever known." Years later he wrote of his teacher, "I loved him as I have seldom loved a man heretofore and perhaps shall never love another." Parker's boisterous and sometimes irreverent spirits were tamed by this gentle but courageous man. His roughness was smoothed and his crudities removed by an example of culture and enlightenment different from any he had ever known. If Parker was never a finished product in manners and actions, Ware was not to blame.

Professor Palfrey, like the senior Ware, dwelt apart from the student body, but noticed Parker with signs of interest and admiration. On the whole, however, Parker could only admire this accomplished scholar and author from afar. He must have been a constant spur to the young man's scholarly ambitions, for Palfrey was as versatile as he was brilliant. His sermons were models of pulpit utterance, his essays and articles were among the most learned of their day, and his knowledge of the antiquities of Egypt and Bible-lands was matched only by his knowledge of early New England. Palfrey was a good deal of a radical in politics, and in later days a leader in the abolition cause.

In a letter to his nephew, Columbus Greene, written three months after his arrival at the School, Parker described what he called "something of [the] ordinary course of proceedings in this institution." There were about thirty students, divided between three classes. Some member of the senior class preached each Sunday evening at a public religious service. Prayers were conducted each morning of the week by Professor Palfrey, and each evening by one of the seniors. The junior class, to which the ardent Theodore belonged, recited in Hebrew every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon, attended lectures and readings in New Testament every Monday and Friday, and every Wednesday recited and discussed the Evidences of Christianity. Tuesday afternoon there was an exercise in extemporaneous speaking, Tuesday evening declamations, Thursday evening a religious meeting, Friday evening an assembly of the whole school for extemporaneous speaking, and Saturday morning a lecture in homiletics by Professor Ware. Old and New Testament, Christian Theology and Apologetics, with abundant study and practice of public speaking, were evidently the heart of the curriculum.

That Parker studied and achieved prodigiously goes without saying. His reputation as an omnivorous reader had preceded him, and the extent of his knowledge was the wonder and admiration of his fellow-students. His professors also were aware of his quite exceptional attainments. Thus, he taught Hebrew for a while to a class of collegians, and during an absence of Dr. Palfrey, in New Orleans, in 1836, Parker took his place as instructor in Hebrew. His knowledge of this language and of Syriac was so minute that he was not infrequently consulted in these studies by Professor Willard, of the College. His classmates remembered him in later years for his inexhaustible energy and his apparently universal range of information. One of them writes that "we all looked upon him as a prodigious athlete in his studies." Not satisfied with the text-books and lectures of the class-room, Parker went plunging into the Divinity School library, which was small, and into the great College library, to which the divinity students had access, and came back to his room laden with portentous volumes which he read with breathless speed. The professors' private libraries were also open to him, and he devoured them voraciously. He liked particularly to go to Professor Norton's home, where he saw beautiful as well as useful books. Tall shelves were filled with richly bound volumes, and tables were laden with manuscripts. The young Parker and the old Norton never agreed very well. Thus, the professor regarded the new German criticism of the Bible, which was Parker's enthusiasm at the moment, with suspicion and even contempt. He said it was "raw" and inaccurate, and warned the young student to beware. Parker wrote Norton down in his journal as a "bigot," and, says Henry Commager, Parker's latest biographer, "he never saw reason to change his opinion." But the books were precious, and he used them to the full.

But Parker's studies outside his courses were even more important than those inside. Indeed, it must be said that his prescribed studies were only as little rivulets pouring into the huge stream of his private knowledge. Nothing in all American literature and learning is quite so remarkable as the story of these years when Parker was a student whose mind was undistracted from scholarly disputes. Already before he came to the Divinity School, he was a prodigy. As a boy in the Lexington home, he had pored over the Bible and Shakespeare, Plutarch, Homer, Horace, and Virgil, and Rollin's histories. At college he began to read in a dozen different languages, and in his two years of teaching immersed himself in a veritable flood of life and letters. He read Newton's *Principia,* and forthwith plunged into mathematics. From Homer he passed to Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, and the immortal dramatists. He gathered works on physics and metaphysics, and added a mastery of German to that of French, Spanish, and Italian. It is in this period that he records in his journal the names of Tacitus, Cicero, Demosthenes, Herodotus, and Thucydides, all in the original, and he

actually translated, for amusement and exercise, the works of Pindar, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus and Aeschylus. He fell in with Cousin and the new school of French philosophers, became acquainted with Coleridge and the English idealists. "He pursued the literature of all the modern languages which he then knew," says his earliest biographer, John Weiss, "and made great strides in metaphysics and theology." All this when he was only twenty-four years of age, and before he had entered the Divinity School at all!

The two years and a half at the School snatch one's breath away. Take, for example, the list of languages which he studied in this period. This includes Italian, Portugese, Spanish, Dutch, Icelandic, modern Greek, Chaldaic, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and some Ethiopic. He looked into some African dialects and attempted Russian, but gave up the Slavic tongue until later years, since he could find no one to teach him the signs of the alphabet. In November, 1835, he began to study Swedish, and found it "easy." Anglo-Saxon was later added to his store. One page of his journal gives a comparative table of characters in Phoenician, Hebrew, Etruscan, Greek, Latin, Runic, Irish, Tibetan, and two others which are illegible. Weiss records that Parker learned his languages "with great rapidity. Everything he planted grew fast but he always seemed to have a new language under glass." What he sought primarily was a reading knowledge of many tongues, and he gained it. But he penetrated into the realm of philology, and loved to delve into the complexities of grammatical construction and derivation. His studies on the whole were extensive rather than profound. The range was enormous, and in these early years he could dazzle any scholar with his gift of tongues.

What he did with these languages, as a medium of access to their literatures, is well-nigh incredible. His reading was incessant; his journal is crowded with lists of the hundreds of heavy tomes in theology and philosophy and history, the Bible and the classics, which he devoured. In two months, November and December, 1835, he names sixty volumes as having been read in Greek, Latin, English, German, and Danish. To list the books covered in these years would be a weariness. They included the Greek historians, the Greek and Latin poets, the fathers of the church, the medieval theologians, the modern philosophers, the Wolfenbuttel Fragments, and books on magic, about which he was always curious. He plundered the treasures of the German higher criticism the way Cortez plundered Mexico. Filled with excitement and enthusiasm, he began his translation of De Wette's *Introduction to the New Testament,* which later became his one contribution to modern scholarship in America. Nor did he neglect literature in the purer sense of the word. Thus he enjoyed Dante and Tasso, the *Robin Ballads,* and Ritson's *Fairy Tales.* He read Byron and Southey and Heine, wrote essays on Goethe and Voltaire, thrilled to *Rienzi,* revelled in *Tom Jones,* delighted in *Lalla Rookh,* and roared over *Pickwick.* Most of these books he borrowed from the libraries, as we have seen, but all the time out of his scanty means he was buying books which were the foundations of that later collection of his own which grew into the largest private library in the country. Thus, on a certain day we find him exulting in his journal that he had "made a new acquisition to [his] library, viz., Herder's Complete Works, in 45 volumes. I can never render sufficient thanks for God's goodness," he writes, "in giving me this opportunity of increasing my books, and of course my means of usefulness."

What is remarkable about this reading is that it was thorough as well as extensive. The succession of titles in his journal is so bewildering that one might well be suspicious that this is a mere catalogue of bindings. But this same journal shows acquaintanceship not merely with the names of the books but with the contents also. Parker was all the time setting himself tasks to the end of mastering his studies. Thus, he wrote out elaborate analyses of the church fathers, with criticisms which were none too polite. He celebrated his acquisition of the Swedish language by translating reams of Swedish poetry. He was translating constantly,—German higher criticism, Talmudic wisdom, and books of Messianic prophecy. He wrote a paper on "German Theology," full of learned lore. Under the head of "Horae Platonicae" he made analyses and criticisms of the ideas in Plato's dialogues. He studied exhaustively the literature of Gnosticism, in preparation for his graduation thesis. What one misses in all this mass of reading is order and aim. There are no paths through this jungle. Parker "wolfed" everything, to change the figure, and never waited nor provided for the process of digestion. To the end of his days, he failed to organize his knowledge. The vast chaos of his mind was begun in these early days and only grew with passing time. To say that Theodore Parker was the most learned man of his generation in America is true. But most of his learning was mere accumulation, like the books we pile up in cellar or attic and never place upon the shelves.

If there was any attempt at order in his work, it was in connection with his writing for the *Scriptural Interpretor,* a little magazine, started by Ezra Stiles Gannett in 1831, which he edited for a time in coöperation with his classmates, George Ellis and William Silsbee. Parker wrote more than forty articles for this paper, on the Pentateuch, Messianic Prophecy, the composition of the Psalms, and especially German Biblical criticism. For one number he translated Astruc's *Conjectures upon Genesis.* An article on "Alleged Mistakes of the Apostles" anticipated Ingersoll's famous lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses." The best thing he ever wrote for the *Interpretor,* according to John Weiss, was an elaborate analysis of the Laws of Moses, which extended through several numbers, "all remarkable for their clear and exhaustive arrangement." The notes to this essay show a wide range of reading in many languages. The classics, the church commentators, Talmudic lore, all give learning and illustration. It was a remarkable performance for a divinity student still engaged in finding his way. Whether it was too much for the readers of the paper we cannot say, but the *Interpretor* came to an end in 1836.

Such was the type of Parker's work in the Divinity School. "What an immense change," he wrote to Lydia Cabot, whom he was so soon to marry, "has taken place in my opinions and feelings upon all points of inquiry since I entered this place." When Parker entered the School he was conventional in his ideas, and undoubtedly there had begun in these years that trend toward theological radicalism which later led him to look back and describe the School as "an embalming institution." Only a year after Parker's graduation, Emerson delivered in the Chapel his immortal "Divinity School Address," and while Andrews Norton raged, the young Parker wrote to his friend, Ellis, "It was the noblest of all [Emerson's] performances, the

noblest and most inspiring strain I ever listened to," and confided to his journal the confession, "so beautiful, so just, so true, and terribly sublime." Progress had begun in Parker's thought—but to what extent in the direction which later led him to be not so much the theologian as the social reformer and anti-slavery revolutionist?

Nothing is more evident than that in his Divinity School days Parker's interest was almost exclusively in the field of knowledge. One of his companions records that "great things were prophesied of him; but it was supposed that he would be little more than a scholar. * * * None guessed that he was ere long to be one of the most remarkable men of the day in more ways than one." Parker loved to talk and preach. He was rated as the best debater in the School. But his sermons were poor, and his writings mere exercises in learning. Parker's passion was books and the things that books contained. His thirst was for knowledge and ever more knowledge. His translation of De Wette was an early indication of his ambition to do scholarly work in a great and permanent way. His first published book, *Discourses on Matters Pertaining to Religion,* was a kind of preliminary survey of a task which he hoped some day to bring to completion in a mastery of the twin fields of theology and philosophy. To his dying day he dreamed of capturing the leisure to compose this masterpiece of learning. But he never got further than the writing of his fugitive essays in the *Dial,* and the gathering of books, and ever more books, in preparation for the great achievement. Almost before he was well started in the ministry, he became engaged in doctrinal controversy. From the time he began his preaching in Boston, he was the social reformer and the anti-slavery crusader, with reading and study only the distraction of hurried hours for a mind whose hunger remained still unappeased. What Parker was in the Divinity School he was till the end—the voracious reader of books, the fond lover of languages, the insatiable seeker after knowledge, the Brobdingnagian scholar and researcher—but more and more, as time went on, he was submerged by the vast flood of national events into a futile struggle and at last a lost battle for coveted hours of leisure and hidden refuges of the mind. It is perhaps the supreme personal tragedy of Parker's life that some demon of dedication within him, some crying sense of agony in the face of the want and woe of men in society, drove him, as by a scourge, away from the native indulgence of his private genius to the tumult and terror of his public days. Had Parker had his way, he would have sat among his books and woven his spell of learning. But the times seized him, and made him their driven slave.

What indications are there, in these Divinity School days, of what Parker's latest biographer calls "the Yankee Crusader"? Very few! I have combed the record, as I have been able in a few short days to follow it, and the results are scant. There was a society in the School, known as the "Philanthropic Society," which sought to illustrate Christianity by good works. This society met once a fortnight on Wednesday evenings. A report was always read upon some social subject, such as "Temperance," "The License Laws," "The Influence of Woman on Public Life," prepared by a committee previously appointed to investigate the subject, and there were discussions and debates. On Sundays the young man went to Charlestown, and taught a class in the State Prison. There is no mention of slavery, except the reading of Channing's "Essay on Slavery." Frothingham surmises that this was perhaps "the first seed of the tree that spread so widely in ten years." He adds that Parker "never approved of slavery or defended it, or was silent when others spoke in its favor," but adds that he was "generally indifferent to party politics." There was nothing in the curriculum of the School to stir interest in social questions—the students considered the "evidences" but not the applications of Christianity! As for Parker's reading, it contained few items outside the classic fields of learning. I find mention of Voltaire but not of Rousseau. Adam Smith and Ricardo, St. Simon, Robert Owen and the early utopian Socialists, all are missing. The young man had not yet awakened.

What is remarkable here is the contrast between the Divinity School and the churches which it fed, on the one hand, and the Boston community on the other. "The air of Boston was electric with reform," says Dr. Commager, "but the windows of the churches were closed." And so were the windows and also the doors of the School! We doubt if Ware or Palfrey ever really brought into their classes or chapel exercises any of the external public interests with which they identified themselves. The School was a cloister which rarely heard the reverberations of the social conflicts which raged without its walls. This had its inevitable influence upon the unfolding trends of Parker's life. For there were two elements in his soul: his intellect, hungry for knowledge and ambitious for scholarly achievement, and his conscience, acutely sensitive to the injustices of society and the sufferings of men. It was his intellect which was exercised in the Divinity School, while his conscience lay largely dormant. One can imagine this young man, had he been a Catholic in medieval days, immersing himself in some monastic house, and through laborious studies becoming in due course one of the great doctors of the church, some Augustine, or Anselm, or Aquinas. He might never have become the Savonarola of his later day, had not the very exigencies of his profession taken him out of the School and into the world of men.

What has never, I think, been made clearly apparent as yet is that Theodore Parker had two courses of education—one in the Divinity School between the years 1834 and 1836, and another in West Roxbury, Boston, and Concord between the years 1837 and 1845, when he was a parish minister in the suburbs of the great city. His sermons at West Roxbury were commonplace. The significance of those early pastoral years is all to be found in his wider contacts with the men and events of the day, and the inner surgings of his spirit in reaction upon his world. His intellect was still busy, and his exhaustless reading and research were continued without remission. But his conscience was now coming alive. He plunged into the crystal stream of transcendentalism, which flowed in the one direction through the study of Emerson, and in the other direction through the utopian communistic experiment of Brook Farm. Parker went to Concord, to drink at the fountain-heads; but he trudged more often to the Farm, which was only a few miles distant from his West Roxbury parish. More often still he went to Boston and was touched to the quick by the poverty and intemperance and exploitation of the underprivileged classes, which were smiting Boston with a living shame and leading to the organization of such an array of philanthropic and reform societies as no other city in this country has ever seen. The impetuous and passionate Parker joined them all. He came to know the

remarkable men and women who were the leaders of these groups. He imbibed their spirit, thrilled to their excitement, surrendered to their ideals. Most of all he learned of their experience and knowledge, heeding their words and sharing in due course in their work.

Chief among all these reformers as an educational influence upon Parker was the immortal Channing. Parker was young, and Channing old; the former a fledgling graduate from the Divinity School, the latter the most distinguished, influential, and revered clergyman of the day. But Parker sought out the great man, and Channing, now sick and thus in his years of swift decline, received him gladly. How often Parker came into Boston to see Channing nobody knows, but it was more often, perhaps, than the records show. The young man was in a ferment of confusion and unrest. He was in full revolt against the theological orthodoxy of Unitarianism as he had encountered it at the School—even in disagreement with Channing himself on questions of Jesus, the Bible, and the historic church. But, more than this, he was all aflame over the social questions of the hour—which now, by the way, included anti-slavery, for he had met Garrison and Phillips. What did these questions mean? What were their implications for Christianity and the churches? What was the remedy for such evils as oppressed society? In all these matters Channing was a profound and enlightened teacher, and an heroic guide. Parker learned more from him, and of more concern, than he had ever learned from Francis, Palfrey, or even the younger Ware. It was in these days, rather than in the days at the School, that the pattern of life was formed. When at last he came to Boston, and, in his opening sermon on "The True Idea of a Christian Church," proclaimed his whole gospel of a socialized Christianity, his words marked the completion of a secular education infinitely more important than anything he had received in divinity at Cambridge.

That Parker's life-career was so different from anything foreseen in the Divinity School was partly due to Parker himself, but more to an institution which so completely failed to detect and train what later was proved to be central to his being. The Divinity School was not in the business of preparing men for prophecy—from the beginning of time, apparently, this has been left to nature and to chance! Its task was to deal with the scholarship of its field—to make its students learned in the theology and history of Christendom. Hebrew, Greek, the Biblical texts, the evidences of revelation, the apologetics of doctrinal belief—all these were important in their way, and fascinating at the time to an eager student like Parker, but of little use later on in the actual business of religion. Parker was left to find his own way to his spiritual goal, and to provide his own equipment for his spiritual work. The whole logic of his course in the Divinity School was that he should become a great scholar, renowned for learning and erudition. And in defiance of this logic, and in waste of years of ceaseless labor on languages and letters, he became the "crusader" whom Commager glorifies in his biography.

It seems foolish—some failure of adjustment between preparation and practice! Yet the situation remains not much changed to this very day. When I went to the Divinity School just 35 years ago, Professor Francis G. Peabody had done his epoch-making work of bringing theological education over into the field of "social ethics." Yet it was possible for a student like myself, already a hero-worshipper of Theodore Parker, familiar through established tradition in my family with his life and thought, and temperamentally prepared for social interests, to spend three years in the School and hardly touch the social sciences at all. My courses of study made up the standard routine of Biblical criticism, church history, theology, and homiletics. As I survey these facts, I feel in my own humble way something of the same gulf between the studies of my youth and the work of my manhood that is so conspicuous in the case of Parker. And I wonder why this thing must be!

There have been improvements—the social question has found its way into our theological schools; but, with few exceptions, timidly, half-heartedly, incidentally! The bulk of our training of ministers is still in the traditional field of Bible, church, and theology. Why, if there are courses on social ethics, should there not also be courses in economics, politics, and sociology? A modern divinity school, to my mind, should specialize in the psychology of sex and marriage quite as much as in that of faith and doctrine. It should study the history of the Russian revolution as carefully as the history of the Protestant Reformation, survey the teachings of Socialism and Communism in preference to those of Montanism and Neo-Platonism, and if necessary neglect the church fathers, the schoolmen, and the ecclesiastical saints in favor of such contemporary thinkers as Dewey and Whitehead, such idealists as Romain Rolland and Thomas Mann, and such saints and heroes as Gandhi, Kagawa, Albert Schweitzer, and Stanley Jones. Instead of this we still find the classic theological curricula, with students trained to be scholars and not prophets. There is something wrong when a young minister, in order to be a prophet, must begin his education all over again!

On Memorializing War

[Written for Memorial Day, 1937]

O God! what blasphemy is this,
  That yet Thine altars flame,
While we intone our psalms of peace,
  With battle's proud acclaim?

Our patriarchs, the men of war!
  Our saints, the battle-slain!
And badge, and braid, and flag, and star
  Blood-offerings again.

God's Acre, dedicate to strife
  On each Memorial day;
And all our talk of Freedom rife
  With armament's array.

How shall we woo the children's feet
  From slaughter's crimsoned path
Who make the praise of war their meat?
  Their glee, the tools of wrath?

When shall we waken to redeem
  Our lips from cant and greed?
When make religion's ancient dream
  Religion's present deed?

—Robert Whitaker.

Theodore Parker and Horace Mann, 1837-1937

CHARLES LYTTLE

In the month of June, 1837, two young Liberals entered upon careers that were destined to exert an immensely beneficial influence upon their country's intellectual and spiritual development. Theodore Parker was ordained to the ministry on June 21 in the town of West Roxbury, Massachusetts. On June 29, Horace Mann took up his duties as secretary of the newly-created Board of Commissioners of Education of the same state, leaving the position of president of the Senate and relinquishing a lucrative legal practice. The signal importance of these two men in the history of American intellectual life, popular education, and humanitarian reform gives these events a high prominence and warrants our reviewing the careers of these liberators and suggesting relevant decisions and duties for the present day.

It is moving to read their own confessions of the consecrated ardor with which they entered upon their work. Just before his ordination, Parker wrote a friend:

"I know that one who keeps God's 'Laws of the Spirit of Life' and puts forth his might manfully in obedience thereto has for his friend and ally and co-adjutor the entire almightiness and perfect virtue of God. With such a co-worker it is nobler to be conquered, dragged at the wheels of the enemy, yea, trodden to dust by his followers, who cry 'Great is Mammon of the Yankees' than to engage in any other warfare. Therefore I shall go on—consequences I have nothing to do with—they belong to God—to me belongs only my duty. All that I have I give to the one cause."

For his part, Horace Mann pondered long and searchingly upon the call to pioneer in the reconstruction of the state system of common school instruction:

"It would be a most responsible and important office, bearing more effectively, if well executed, upon the coming welfare of the state than any other office in it. What a thought—to have the future minds of such multitudes dependent in any imperceptible degree upon one's own exertion. I tremble at the task . . . yet I can conscientiously say, here stands my purpose—ready to undergo the hardships and privations to which I must be subjected, ready to meet them in the spirit of the martyr. I know one thing: if I stand by the principles of truth and duty, nothing can inflict upon me any permanent harm."

So they began to work, each in his own sphere, each becoming more and more an iconoclast and a heretic, each bravely and faithfully building his best knowledge and highest ideals into concrete realities. Horace Mann's twelve years of service in projecting and executing a comprehensive program of elementary, high, and normal schools for Massachusetts became the cornerstone of our American public school system, the classic pattern that has been followed, with secondary modifications, in every state of the nation. In those twelve years he transformed an archaic, stingily supported, poorly taught, shabbily housed system (so-called) of common schools, dominated by Calvinist parsons and doctrines, into an increasingly efficient, modern, democratic, non-sectarian institution whose value and success overwhelmed all criticism. The appropriations from state and towns were doubled; the new Board's prestige and authority were established; hundreds of finer and better-equipped schoolhouses were erected; over fifty new high schools were built, and two normal schools; up-to-date text-books and teaching methods were introduced; a month was added to the average term of schooling for each pupil; trained teachers were paid twice the old starvation wages; character education on an absolutely non-sectarian basis, physical culture, and science were stressed in the curriculum. On hearing of Mann's death in 1859, the dying Parker wrote:

"He took up the common schools of Massachusetts in his arms and blessed them . . . his good work will live . . . one hundred years hence three generations will have tasted of its blessed influence, the last the deepest of all. His influence went to all New England, and her fair daughter states. It is not often that a man has such opportunity to serve his kind; in our century I know none who used it better, almost none so well. He did love his kind; he did hate their oppressors. Philanthropy is the keynote of all his music. There are but two men living—Emerson and Garrison—whom I have in public praised so much or ranked so high. How great their public services to the cause of Humanity!"

Mann went to Congress in place of ex-President John Quincy Adams, who died in 1849, and continued the latter's splendid battle for the abolition of negro slavery. Then when Antioch College was founded in Ohio as a radical innovation in higher education—co-educational, non-sectarian, requiring moral excellence as well as scholarly proficiency for its diploma—Mann became its first president in 1853. It would be depressing, though touching, to recount all that he there had to contend with; his plans were balked by narrow-mindedness, financial irresponsibility, sectarian jealousy; his health was broken, but not his loyalty to his ideals nor his faith in Humanity. All through these trying years it was the example and encouragement of Theodore Parker that chiefly sustained Mann's courage, as he wrote Parker in 1854:

"How I want to hear you! How I want to see you! When I have time to think of it, what a feeling of loneliness and far-offness comes over me at being separated from you and Howe and Downer and others whom I so much love, for how necessary a part of all personal hopes and plans, as well as all my more public duties, you have become. But when I think of what was once my home and my sphere, a feeling which I suppose must be like Turkish fatalism comes over me and I say to myself 'Here you are, and here you must remain. No secondary cause can release you, at least for a time. Go on and transmute your evil into good as far as you can."

And so Horace Mann went on, refining, by his influence, by the richness of his mind and the warmth and nobility of his personality, the crude students who came to Antioch into grateful, faithful, and thoughtful men and women. In this, the sincerest of all ways of religious worship, the creation of divine Humanity in souls and in the social order, he found a certitude and confidence that has never been more memorably uttered than in his final address to Antioch students, a month before his death:

"In the infinitely noble battle against error and wrong, if you are ever repulsed and stricken down, may you always be solaced and cheered by the exulting cry of triumph over some abuse in church or state, some vice or folly in society, some false opinion, or cruelty or guilt which you have overcome. And I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these my parting words: *Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for Humanity.*"

As these words were spoken, Theodore Parker

was vainly seeking restored health in Italy, and Horace Mann died within two months. Both men were sorry, but not ashamed to die, for the victories they had won for Humanity spurred them in will, though that will dwelt in failing bodies, to go on living and winning victories for Humanity—the realistic immortality of the creative humanitarian. Together they had striven for humaner treatment of the insane and the criminal, together they had opposed alcoholism and negro slavery, and though God had been the "co-adjutor, friend, and ally" of both men, yet their mutual friendship, their shared reverence for the "great Friend of all the sons of men" were the sources of spiritual morale to which they most feelingly referred—Humanity sources, both. Both had wrought deliberately and with earnest piety to humanize and secularize their spheres of activity—Parker by the application of secular methods of literary and historical criticism in Biblical study, by the often secular themes of his preaching, by the democratic order and atmosphere of the worship of his church, —wildflowers on the pulpit! Both men set up an idol in their hearts—it was Truth. They erected an altar of sacrifice before it—it was Righteousness. They illuminated their shrine with the torches of moral and intellectual ardor. They offered within it the worship enjoined by their consciences, their Master, and all the prophets.

It is a fashionable hypocrisy of the great ones of earth today to place laurel wreaths on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and then depart to plot the indefinite increase of the same. It seems to us more fitting, if we would do honor to these two Known Soldiers of peace and freedom, to continue the work for which they gave their lives. What would Theodore Parker have thought of the way in which the Liberals of Massachusetts allowed the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church to force back into slavery, and deprive of their natural right of normal development and thorough education, the children of the poor of Massachusetts? How he would have blasted from his pulpit the apathy and inertia of his Unitarian brethren in quibbling and sophisticating this clear issue of equal justice, this arrogant denial of democracy and humanity! What form of social action could be more appropriate for the Unitarians than to organize a formidable opposition to such bigoted and benighted domination by the arch-foe of freedom and human brotherhood?

What would Horace Mann in his turn think of the way in which Unitarians have failed to guard and preserve the public school system of this country from the exploitation of politicians and the encroaching control of the Roman Catholic Church —in flagrant violation of the standards of democratic and non-sectarian instruction that he established? Ten out of eleven of the first Board of Commissioners of Education, as well as Mann, its secretary, were Unitarians, and for decades Unitarians in the great cities of the East as in the growing communities of the West regarded the public schools and public libraries as their especial concern and responsibility. To what material extent is this true today? Yet what form of civic service or social action is more needed, or more apposite to the traditional Unitarian emphases upon intellectual culture and humanitarian reform?

There is a highly significant corollary to Horace Mann's sublime words, "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for Humanity." It is this: "By winning some victory of Humanity be assured of living—of living unashamedly, joyously, vigorously"—and the denomination of Parker and Mann should lay this brave injunction to their souls. The flowering of New England and its fine culture might thereby prove to be that of a hardy perennial rather than the brief blooming of a fragile orchid.

Our American public school system is today in grave danger. The unwillingness of "big business" men, who, as in Mann's day, send their own children to private schools, to maintain a tax rate sufficient adequately to accommodate our growing student population, to employ enough well-trained teachers, to continue physical culture, science, and art in the curriculum (first introduced by Mann) is slowly but surely bringing about the deterioration of one of our most vital and distinctive American institutions, a chief source and support of democracy. Moreover, the campaign of disparagement waged by the Roman Catholics against our public schools as godless, for the purpose of commending parochial schools as deserving public tax money and the support of the faithful as well, is as ubiquitous as it is unjust and crafty. The same sinister influence is the chief factor in the opposition to proposed laws for state and federal departments of education—long ago advocated by Mann. Is not united Liberal effort, through vigorous publicity and lobbying, in support of such laws, particularly the Fletcher bill (now before the United State Senate) a plain duty? Then, in every community there are organizations to defend and improve our public schools, such as Citizens' School Committees, Teachers' Unions. We should conspicuously and energetically give them our active personal and financial support, in the knowledge that popular education is a basic pre-requisite for any program of economic and social reform we may favor. The preservation and the improvement of our public schools is a victory for Humanity that we should be ashamed not to fight for and win!

But first it is necessary that all children, especially in underprivileged and backward areas, be guaranteed the chance to attend school, and this many cannot have until child labor is outlawed and ended. Yet here again the Mammon-worshippers, the predatory politicians, and the Roman Catholic church are united in opposing the Child Labor amendment in the very state of the Unitarian, Horace Mann, and his overwhelmingly Unitarian Board of Commissioners. The Roman Catholic bishops bullied the legislature into defeating the amendment, without effective, even noticeable protest from the Unitarians and other Liberals of the state. What cause could have been more appealing, what obligation more imperative—and what apostasy from the virile faith of Mann and Parker more eloquent of dilettante leadership!

They were men of projective imagination, mighty energy, creative Humanity! Truly to honor them and to deserve their spiritual comradeship is to act, not merely pass resolutions and write articles!

Modern Unitarianism*

CURTIS W. REESE

Our Unitarian line of heritage is ancient and diverse, for we hail from many lands and from many faiths. In present-day Unitarianism is the urge of antiquity, as well as the pull of modernity. Its roots reach back into the soil of all the great religions, of many sects and heresies, and of mankind's earliest efforts to enhance and enrich his life by means of whatever power or powers that could be found within or about him.

When the modern Unitarian regards Unitarianism as a world movement rather than a mere sect of Christendom, he is not severing Unitarianism from its history, as is sometimes charged, but is recognizing its connection with its total and not merely its partial history. In our line of descent are the glories and the tragedies, the errors and the truths, the triumphs and the failures of religion through the ages.

The modern Unitarian in America is not content to think of his heritage only in terms of the Humanist-Theist controversy, the Western issue, the Baltimore Sermon, the English struggle against acts of oppression, the courageous careers of Francis David, Socinus and John Huss, nor in terms of heretical sects such as the Anabaptists, the Arians, the Monarchians, and the Ebonites. All these were great and effective in their day. But of equal and sometimes greater influence in the making of modern Unitarianism are the movements of thought in Christian Modernism, in Reformed Judaism, in ethical religion, in the social awakening throughout the world, in the whole of modern science and psychology, sociology and anthropology, in the literature of emancipation, and in the careers of all the prophets of humanity—the Lenins and the Gandhis, the Bradlaughs and the Paines, the Christs and the Buddhas wherever found and flying whatever flags. Modern scholarship and modern means of communication, plus open minds and eager hearts, make us really the heirs of all the ages, and place upon us a special charge to pass on to ages yet to come the spirit that is genuine, the mind that is flexible, and the will that sets men free.

It is in the light of such a background as this, such a spirit, and such a will that I say modern Unitarianism or its equivalent is the flower of the religious spirit and the hope of the spirit of man.

But when we turn from this radiant background to the immediate foreground we see disquieting shadows cast by clouds of doubt. True, through the clouds come rays of light but they are not sufficiently spread over the landscape.

Modern Unitarianism is a respectable minority, relatively free to practise and develop its faith without the interference of the civil disability suffered by the fathers. Our good works have made us favorably known and our writings have mightily influenced the religious thinking of the world. And while individual Unitarians are generally imaginative, venturesome, and creative, corporately we are not abreast of our opportunities. We have no corporate policy of vigorous missionary endeavor; no corporate policy of ways or means to develop new parishes at new points or in new countries; no corporate policy in practical matters where small mishaps constantly multiplied lead to disaster. Policies of general importance are still determined by chance and without sufficient thought and discussion.

After due allowance has been made for the good work that is being done by individual Unitarians, individual Unitarian churches, and our general organizations, it is still substantially correct to say that as a movement and in proportion to what we could do, we are marking time. Our numbers are relatively few, and while numbers is not the chief consideration, we should remember that we are talking about the number of persons involved and that persons are the chief consideration. With the pressing call of a distressed world ringing in our ears, we must not and cannot be satisfied to live on past glories, nor to burnish the busts in the Hall of Fame. Ours is an urgent call to great adventure and great triumphs now!

Unlike most religious movements, the Unitarian has no desire to build an organization for its own sake. Denominational consciousness, which is so evident among the members of other churches, is rarely found among Unitarians. Our churches frequently coöperate with others in establishing social institutions, all the while submerging their denominational interests in the movement and ultimately surrendering control to others whom they believe to be better equipped to perform the tasks involved.

So modest have Unitarians been in setting forth the claim of their church to a place in the sun, that some who have not given sufficient thought and serious consideration to the fundamental functions of the Unitarian church have arrived at the erroneous conclusion that Unitarianism has done its work and must give way to the liberal movement in orthodoxy. There is a liberal movement in orthodoxy for which Unitarians may well be glad. Many liberal orthodox churches are effectively proclaiming the Unitarian gospel. Indeed some of the more liberal orthodox churches are more progressive than many conservative Unitarian churches. But on the basis of a fairly wide experience with various liberal movements, I feel safe in saying that on the whole the Unitarian church is more distinctive in gospel and function than is any other religious movement and more so today than the Unitarian church itself has ever been before. When liberal orthodoxy and the progressive movements in other religions are given full credit for their rich supply of spiritual goods, the distinctive features of modern Unitarianism still stand out in bold relief and challenge the world to come on to greater heights.

Not only do I believe this to be true, but it is also my opinion that such a faith, backed by an intelligent understanding of our place in the long

*Sermon preached at the ordination of Rev. Edward W. Ohrenstein, Unity Church, Hinsdale, Illinois, April 18, 1937

distance program of religion, is essential to the successful maintenance and extension of our church.

I want to consider briefly (1) certain distinctive features of modern Unitarianism which make it uniquely important in the midst of the religious world; (2) some of the vital problems that confront present-day Unitarians; and (3) the need for a forward movement.

(1) The Unitarian church is distinctive in its emphasis on and practice of intelligent and untrammeled thought and discussion in every field of human concern.

Necessarily, free discussion has certain natural limits—among them, common courtesy, consideration for the feelings of others, and due respect for the eternal fitness of things. Free speech is not license for one to stand in the market-place and publicly cleanse one's mind. Nor is it license to expose indecently the souls of others. But free discussion does demand full and fair consideration of every phase of every subject.

With embarrassing exceptions the Unitarian church has stood consistently for free discussion, holding that free expression is as essential to free development as is free thought. And in these exceptions I dare say that it may be shown that the speakers themselves have been somewhat at fault. If a speaker observes the common courtesies, has respect for the feelings of others, and due regard for the fitness of things, the Unitarian church will give him a fair hearing on any subject from self-sufficiency to the federation of the world, and from birth control to the transmigration of souls. Of this record we may be justly proud.

Calm and deliberate intellectual and factual toil in the interpretation of experience is the way to the discovery and understanding of life. Let no one fear the indictment often made that Unitarians are too intellectually inquisitive. Let us rather fear that we shall fail to be convicted. Others who have gone before have set a high standard in this respect —chief among them William Ellery Channing, the father of American Unitarianism. It will be an ill day for our church when we lower the standard, even though the temptation to do so be ever so great. If the future belongs to us, it does so in virtue of the progress of the human mind. And if we are to come into our heritage we are to do so, not in virtue of descending to unworthy methods but in virtue of maintaining that high intellectual standard so nobly set by those whose names we honor.

And the maintenance of this standard is tied up with free discussion. Minds do not grow under undue restrictions. If dogmas—theological or political, industrial or social—fetter our minds, growth is unlikely. We must see to it that the free interplay of free minds shall forever remain a cardinal doctrine of our faith. And whenever there arise among us those who would interfere with the intellectual and spiritual liberty of their brethren such persons should be called to account with characteristic gentleness but also with dispatch!

As with no other religious group, and from earliest times till now, the Unitarian is distinctive as the church of the human emphasis.

Back in my theological schooldays there was considerable discussion as to whether the church should be deo-centric or christo-centric. The weight of the argument seemed to be on the side of a christo-centric church. The shifting of the central interest of religion to Christ Jesus was a distinct gain, since Christ Jesus—even as interpreted by the church—was more intimately related to man than the God of the church could ever be.

Since the typical Unitarian procedure has always been to move from the consideration of man to whatever attitude we may hold toward things cosmic, Unitarian soil was ready for the growth of Humanism in religion, which in my opinion is the most hopeful change in emphasis that has taken place since Jesus said "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

From the very first, Unitarians preached the divinity of man. But whether we believe in man as good or bad, or in truth some of both, we begin with man and proceed from man to whatever world view may seem most hopeful and satisfying to the individual Unitarian. It can be stated confidently on no less authority than that of Ephraim Emerton, that the Unitarian's "religious thinking begins with and centers about the idea of man himself as an independent, self-determining being. His religion is a religion of humanity, starting from human impulses, limited by human capacities, working by human methods, and expressing itself in human ways." To this classic utterance I merely add: To understand that to minister to man is worship in its noblest sense is the beginning of spiritual wisdom.

The concept of unity is basic to Unitarianism and would seem to be a fundamental acceptable to all faiths; but unfortunately it is thoroughly understood and practised by none, although the place given to it in Unitarian theory and practice is exceptionally prominent.

While man's nature is manifestly very complex, to the Unitarian man appears as essentially a unity. There are phases of man called body, mind, and spirit, and the Unitarian admits that facts as well as the poverty of language require the use of these terms; but he sees them as elements which go to make up a splendid unity, and does not regard them as everlastingly antagonistic.

The Unitarian proclaimed the harmony of those aspects of man's nature called body, mind, and soul, long before modern science proclaimed the acute interdependence of mind and body. So the Unitarian was not upset in his religion when he heard that physical conditions are partly subject to mental control and that certain "mental processes, emotions, and passions may be reduced to physical terms, tested and measured by physical devices."

To the Unitarian there is no necessary and permanent dualism in man's nature, but a community of being—a splendid unity. He sees the body as a glorious part of man, and not something to be ashamed of because it is not the mind; he sees the mind not in the least degraded because it is tied up with the body.

The Unitarian carries this doctrine of unity over into his wider relationships and strives to build social unity by integrating the diverse elements of our complex world life. From the unity of man he moves to the unity of mankind. He sees

no distinction in nature or in the possibility of ethical and spiritual development between the highest and lowest peoples on earth.

(2) When we consider the transcendent importance of free inquiry, of a gospel centered on man, and of a unitary philosophy of life, and when we realize how few people know that we exist and that most of these do not understand our great affirmations but believe that we are a group based on mutual abhorrence of hell, we see how necessary it is to have clear-cut convictions on these matters and how needful it is that they be proclaimed with conviction. It is high time that we move forward with a "zeal according to knowledge."

In this large task of extending the Unitarian movement, we need to face realistically the problems that confront us.

There is, first of all, the pressing problem of our individual relation to the church. Not regarding the church as an end, we are inclined to neglect it as a means. Forgetful that the church is a composite life, we have held the church responsible for failure for which we ourselves were responsible. As individuals we will be loyal to the church only when we believe it to be worth our loyalty; but in spite of the immense emotional and spiritual inheritance of the church, its worthfulness today depends largely on what we put into it. By identifying the church with great causes we may make it worth our loyalty.

But our loyalty is too often of the drifting type when it should be of the directive type. Loyalty to the church should take the form of conscious directive control, not that of submission and trust. We do not belong to the church: the church belongs to us. Thus regarded, the church may become the living embodiment of great causes.

Of importance no less than that of the relation of the individual to the local church is that of the local churches to each other and to the general organizations of the church.

That we need some reorganization of our forces is the generally accepted view of most, if not quite all, of our active leaders today; and with most of these, so far as my information goes, there is no question about what *kind* of organization is needed. All seem aware that we need simply to put into effective operation the congregational polity that we have advocated for one hundred years. The congregational polity combines democratic control with the efficiency that inheres in centralization. This is the successful polity of several strong denominations, among them the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Disciples of Christ. The problem seems to be *how* to put this polity into operation, which is especially difficult in view of our many independent organizations, and is further complicated by legal matters growing out of life memberships, property, endowments, etc. But, in my opinion, the solution lies primarily in the willingness to find it. If we sincerely desire a forward movement and are willing to forego technical rights in order that duties may be unhindered, the legal and other difficulties involved will amount to little or nothing.

In congregational polity sovereignty inheres in local churches. In their local operations these churches are examples of "direct democracy," and any organization that authoritatively represents these churches derives its authority from them. Since "direct democracy" is impossible of operation where many scattered churches are involved, the representative type of democracy is the accepted congregational method. There may be few or many associations, or conferences, but all such derive their powers from the local churches. Ordinarily the general organizations—state, district, national, or what not—function coöperatively and within certain limits defined by agreement; the main directive body being the organization that is most inclusive and therefore most likely to see things whole.

Naturally and properly, there should be district organizations—delegate bodies—with their proper officers; and by every principle of democracy, of congregational polity, and of demonstrated methods of efficiency, heads of the various departments of the general organization should function in connection with and largely through the district organization. Thus combining general polity with particular interests, we would increase results beyond anything we have known or dared to hope.

We now need to accept the fact that the congregational polity is as native to our movement as are our spiritual goods, and proceed to function accordingly, devoting a minimum of time to the readjustment of machinery and the battle of personalities.

Of supreme importance is the problem of the relation of our church both local and general to other social structures and movements.

The church in general is itself now regarded by many social scientists as a most pressing social problem. Is the church an instrument or a hindrance to just social arrangements? Does it exist to build personality and to socialize men, or to guarantee dividends? Do its results justify its expenditures? Is it a fossil in the stratum of yesterday, or a living force in the world of today?

Statisticians and engineers are investigating and checking up on the work of the church. They want to know the ratio between its efforts and its achievements. These and other similar inquiries regarding the church in general are pressing for answer. We may deny many of the conclusions of the investigators but we cannot deny the relevancy of their inquiry nor its effect on the thought of the people.

Regarding our own church, let us frankly admit that we have yet to catch up with some other social and moral and spiritual agencies; that we have yet to equip ourselves for effective work in a world of hard facts; that we have yet to forge our way into the foremost position of social and moral and spiritual leadership, where we rightfully belong.

True, the church is interested primarily in impulses, values, ideals. But these are precisely the things that determine the direction of social movements and the quality of social institutions. In my opinion the world can never get along without an institution whose first business is to deal with things of first importance, namely, impulses, values, ideals. The name of such an institution and its official pronouncements are of secondary importance. The thing that will count is the fact that an institution committed to the task of dealing in basic

human worths actually handles the goods in question and puts them on the markets of the world.

The function of the church in its relation to other social structures and movements is to call the world to the constant reëxamination of its basic motives and ideals, and to the moral necessity of building into the life of the world the best motives and ideals known to man; and in the performance of this function there can be no compromise between the church and the world.

(3) Our Unitarian gospel puts us in tune with the democratic spirit of the age, and our unique theoretical position gives us an advantage that we should make the most of. We should no longer be content to appeal only to the few who cannot find satisfaction in the old creeds, or to be merely a refuge for theological outcasts.

We must grasp the fact that there is no incongruity so far as helpful association is concerned between quality and quantity. We have long gloried in our quality, and rightly so, but have failed to grasp the fact that quality justifies itself in serving quantity.

With the exception of a few communities it is still true in America that the Unitarian is approached with askance. Not even Unitarian Boston is wholly leavened. Chicago, notwithstanding its great liberal University and despite its profusion of heretics, is medievally and fanatically orthodox. And the great Southland has hardly been touched. There are tens of thousands in America who never heard the name Unitarian, except possibly in connection with President Taft, or from the lips of Billy Sunday.

Possessing a beautiful and helpful message, we have been content personally to enjoy and be benefitted by that message—leaving the vast multitudes alone.

The uniqueness of our faith—our freedom, our humanism, and our unitary philosophy of life—should create in us the broadest and deepest interest in persons,—an interest that would face courageously any problem and triumphantly banish any difficulty. I crave for our movement a sympathetic understanding of the fundamental worth of all persons and a generous attitude toward persons in all their relationships. To this end we need to know people; to know their hopes and disappointments, their high aims and bitter failures, their lonely dreams and social inadequacy. It is on a basis of experience with people that our hearts mellow and our spirits grow generous.

Never yet has there been a great religious movement without a deep experience of human needs, and great action in the service of human needs. The church with a future will be the church that takes most seriously the immemorial religious attitudes of love to man and of the service of mankind.

Let us revise upward our understanding of the nature and significance of our movement, and come to think of it in terms of a potential Church Universal.

The Brother of the Unknown Soldier Speaks*

RICHARD A. DAWSON

Ever since that tragic morning in the mid-summer of 1918, when the official cable from the war department declared you* as "Missing," I have been looking for you. In the columns of the wounded I sought your name, among the exchange prisoners I looked for you. Every boat which brought wounded or unidentified mental cases to the port of St. John found me waiting, shivering, hoping to find you. In every hospital I visited I scanned the faces of the sufferers or if the faces were shot away examined the name on the bed praying that I might not find you there, yet looking eagerly lest I miss you. Among the little white crosses in Flanders I plodded, yearning the while to find you peacefully sleeping among the poppies, communing with the white doves and larks to learn if they knew where you might lie. Standing on the curb of a dozen city streets I have watched a parade of the war-wrecked, that ghastly pageant of sorrow. I have looked through field-glasses as the crippled and maimed have come down the street on stretchers or in wheel-chairs, carried by their sons or mothers who suffer with them. The blinded, led by their heroic wives, the "smashed mugs" with half their faces blown away, the "gassed," still holding on to life despite their inevitable end, the shell-shocked with mad fear in their eyes, all these walking ghost-forms who add a grisly page to the costs of war. I was glad when the last silent stretcher passed, for I knew you were not among the living-dead. And now I have found you—in the marble tomb of the Unknown Soldier, even as others have found their youthful fathers or older brothers. Would to God this grim old mausoleum Westminster Abbey smelled not so much of death, for you loved life and I despise the showy splendor of soldiers' sepulchers; but here let us stay awhile and talk as I have longed to talk for years.

In those happy schooldays how proud I used to be as I saluted Lieutenant Stephen in his gorgeous officer's uniform. You remember I always belonged to the "awkward squad" which never seemed to take military tactics seriously except in respect to our well polished silver buttons on our red tunics and our cocky feathered caps. Little did I think that the harmless rifle and bayonet practice of those days was conscripting our souls for a war in which our bodies were to be conscripted. From the first "unreasoning obedience" to "present arms" we presented our souls and strength on the altar of the philosophy which says "Might is right." It never occurred to us to wonder why they had to buy mules for war but could simply take us and force us to serve—it never occurred to us to question the right of our nation to use us as killers and of course never a word was said about the possibility of our suffering in battle. In grandeur equal to our ancient uniforms, war was clothed with glory. Like the court of Anderson's vain king for whom some swindlers pretended to weave a dazzling garment, we believed all we heard about the

*Lieutenant Stephen A. Dawson, R. A. F., brother of Richard A. Dawson, was killed in action, August, 1918.

romance and heroics and nobility of war. Blinded by tradition we sold our souls to the devil clothed as an "angel of right."

I remember well the letter you sent from your University renouncing your studies for a while in order to go to war. You did not have to go Stephen, for the bloody hand of the nation did not reach down to your age; but, conscripted from R. O. T. C. days,

> "Filled full and flushed with morning, you sang and took the sword. . . .

Mother believed, like Mary, she was giving a Saviour to the world, father gave you his blessing, and in those solemn minutes before you embarked for the front we sang "Lead, Kindly Light," believing, as you believed, that you were doing the courageous, the loyal, and the noble thing. I know you had no hatred in your heart, you who were preparing for service as a medical missionary; I know you loved Christ and believed what they told you about the righteousness of this war. Christ had gone to Flanders,

> "and in the war's red glare,
> You would find him there,
> With the sword of God
> in His hand."

What rapturous days we spent in the spring of 1918! You came home on leave as a "full-fledged flying-lieutenant"; yet what a series of disillusions I had! The lyric glory of war lay buried for you in France. Eighteen months as a stretcher-bearer removing the mangled bodies of your erstwhile buddies from the barb-wired "no-man's land"; eighteen months of mud and cold and lice and blood and brain-bespattered sand-bags; eighteen months of rape and rapine, of slaughter and sodomy, of cursing and crying, of brutality and greed. During these eighteen months, war became of age and put on wings of death and rained bombs on defenseless villages. You had seen the panic and pain of little children after an air-raid had left them homeless and motherless and perhaps legless. You saw war go into the deep waters and with submarines sink hospital ships and freighters alike. You were there when war began to breath out slaughter in the form of gas. You told me of men strangled, burying their faces in mud-holes to escape the fumes; you told me of men maddened to insanity by pain; you told me of the primitive gas masks made out of your socks wet with your own urine. You saw sights from which high heaven would hide its eyes; you saw war as a revolting, indecent atrocity involving every known vice except cannibalism—not as the chivalrous romance of the troubadours of the earlier centuries. You saw war, not as the diplomats and pseudo-patriots painted it, but as the hideous monster it really is. But the saddest of all my disillusions—you who had enlisted as a private, despite your rank, because you wanted to relieve pain and aid the sufferer, were now prepared to kill or maim any who might be within range of your bombs. You who enlisted without hate for any man had been changed by the insidious propaganda of war into a killer, ready to play the pawn in this ghastly game. You who had not inflicted a wound but had dressed thousands were now ready to obey the war-lords and undo your merciful deeds by doing murderous ones. For this most of all I hate war, because it changed you and millions more from brotherliness to brutality, from spiritual sensitiveness to moral murder. To be exposed to death and maiming by war is inhuman and inane but to be commissioned and commanded to murder and maim is far worse. But what could you do? The mob psychology of war had done its work, affecting your vocation, your emotions, your loyalties and your friendships, and like a man hypnotized you became the victim of the great illusion—so back you went, an offering to the altar of the Anti-Christ, and there your consecrated body lies enveloped first in the wreckage of your airplane which the war-lords gave you to use, then in this sarcophagus of marble which the war-makers prepared for you.

But your shrine is a sacrilege and the inscription thereon a lie. Well may Mr. Chesterton write:—

> * * "they that fought for England,
> following a fallen star,
> Alas, alas, for England,
> they have their graves afar.
> And they that rule in England
> in stately conclave met—
> Alas, alas for England,
> they have no graves as yet."

They told you this was a "war to end war," a war against a militarist regime in Europe; but "Evil cannot be overcome with evil" and today the dragon's teeth sown in 1914 are springing up in a harvest of military threats more ominous than ever in the history of the world. Today the nation which said it fought for peace declares that a student must prepare for war or be kicked out of college.

They said this was a war to "make the world safe for democracy," but see the nations of the world gripped by a few autocratic dictators, see the legislation designed to curb freedom of speech, see the growing Fascist ideal.

They said this was a war in defense of a weak nation, but we know it was the logical outcome of an economic system where the domination of the world's markets is the chief goal of the nations.

They said it was war, not against the common people but against the war-lords. But while the Pershings and the DuPonts were safe in their offices pushing buttons, making memoranda and ordering men, the common people were being mowed down by machine guns and maddened by gas bombs.

They said this was a war in defense of national honor, but in reality it was in defense of the opportunities of some greedy speculators who coined millions out of the blood and sorrow of their fellow men in Flanders. The ratio of millionaires to murdered men in the United States alone is 1 to 4. For every millionaire made during the war four American homes were robbed of their manhood.

Is it any wonder then, Stephen, that I continually pray, "Deliver us from evil and help me shun propaganda as I would poison, lest I be driven to forget my loyalties and professions of peace?"

When they tell me Peace Conferences cannot help solve the problems of war, I remember that they send only military experts to the conferences, experts who are committed to the way of war rather than the International Peace Pact.

When I hear a demagogue declare that his nation has renounced war, I listen with one ear to the riveting machines in the navy-yards, and while watching the signing of pacts I keep one eye on the flow of the nation's wealth into the pockets of the munition-makers.

When they speak of adequate security in na-

tional defense, I pray I may not be mesmerized into the delusion that warships are stronger than friendships.

May they never through lying or intimidation take my loyalty to God and Humanity and turn it to killing; may they never use my love for home and exploit it to make me ruin another's home; may they never seek to use my strength or spirit to gain a righteous goal by such an unrighteous method as war. May the idealism that compelled you to enlist in a cause bigger than yourself compel me to enlist in such a cause but not in one that brings despair and disillusion; may my revulsion against such a futile, unintelligent and unchristian cause as war drive me closer to the cause of Christ. I do not ask a cause for which I need not die as you have died for your cause, but let me die rotting in some prison, exiled from my homeland, facing a firing-squad or hanging on a tree with Christ rather than die on the inglorious field of battle.

Brother, may I have a heroism as high and unimpeachable as yours, which will allow me to die in the ranks of Christ as you died in the ranks of war. May I always hold firmly to my belief that "The way of Christ and the way of war are not reconcilable" and although you honestly believed you were committed to his way as you took the sword, may your spirit aid me to see that his way is the way of the cross and in bearing the cross there is a courage and loyalty and realism even greater than that of bearing the sword. Here, twenty-one years after you enlisted because you loved Christ and your country, I enlist myself and pledge myself anew in love to Christ and humanity. In loyalty to my adopted country I renounce the way of war as the sacred Pact of Peace renounces it. I renounce the ways of war, yes, but in loyalty to God I avow the way of Christ as the only practical and righteous way to peace, justice, and world-brotherhood. Stephen, I follow in his train.

My Russian Impressions*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated from the Original Bengali by Basanta Koomar Roy

Copyright, 1937, by Basanta Koomar Roy

Author of "Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry"

XII.

In a former letter I wrote to you about the Turkomans. They are a desert folk numbering about 1,000,000. This is a P. S. to that letter. I am here quoting the Soviet government's program of education in Turkomanistan:

"Beginning with October 1, 1930, when the new budget year begins, a number of new scientific institutions and institutes will be opened in Turkomenia, namely:

1. Turkoman Geological Committee.
2. Turkoman Institute of Applied Botany.
3. Institute for study and research of stock breeding.
4. Institute of Hydrology and Geophysics.
5. Institute of Economic Research.
6. Chemico-Bacteriological Institute, and Institute of Social Hygiene.

"The activity of all the scientific institutions of Turkomenia will be regulated by a special scientific management attached to the Council of People's Commissars of Turkomenia.

"In connection with the removal of the Turkoman Government from Ashkhabad to Chardjni, the construction of buildings for the following museums has been started: Historical, Agricultural, Industrial, and Trade Museums, an Art Museum, Museums of the Revolution. In addition, the construction of an observatory, a State Library, a House of Published Books, and a House of Science and Culture is planned.

"The Department of Language and Literature of the Institute of the Turkoman Culture has completed the revision and translation into Russian of Turkomenian poetry including folk-lore material and old poetry texts.

"Five itinerant cultural bases have been organized in Turkomanistan. During the year 1930, two courses for training practical nurses and midwives were completed. Altogether, forty-six persons were graduated. All graduates are sent to the village."

*Written in the period of 1930.—Editors.

XIII.

From my previous letters you must have formed at least a faint idea of the various ways and means Soviet Russia has adopted for the spread of education amongst the masses of this country. Today I am writing you a short account of one of such educational activities.

Recently the government has opened a public park in Moscow. It is called the Moscow Park of Education and Recreation. The main building is dedicated to a museum. From there you can find out how many dispensaries have been opened in the province for the workers; how the number of schools in Moscow has increased. In the municipal department they show you how many new houses have been built; how many parks have been opened; and in how many ways improvements have been made in how many different aspects of the life of the city. There are models of numerous kinds—the old villages and the new; model farms for flowers and vegetables; samples of new instruments manufactured in the Soviet factories during the Soviet regime; demonstrations of how bread was manufactured in Russia at the time of the Revolution and how it is done now under the new coöperative system. Besides, there are various amusement places and playgrounds. It is somewhat like a fair.

The children's pavilion is located in a secluded part of the park. The adults are not allowed there. There is a sign at the entrance which reads: "Please do not annoy the children." There are toys and games, and a children's theatre conducted and played by the children.

A short distance from the Children's Department is the creche—i. e., nursery for babies. When the parents want to walk around the park, they leave their babies here in charge of trained nurses. There is a two-storied pavilion for a club, with a library on the upper story. There is a room for playing cards. There are maps and a wall newspaper. Then there are splendid coöperative restaurants for the public, which strictly observe temperance by order of the government. The Biological Department of Moscow has opened a store here for the

sale of various kinds of birds, fishes, and plants. It has already been proposed to open such parks in the provincial towns and cities.

The main thing to think about is this, that here in Soviet Russia they do not want to rear the general public on the leavings of the "gentlemen." Here, education, comforts of life, and opportunities for livelihood are equally open for all. The principal reason for this is that nothing else is left but general public. So the people here are not the appendix to the book of society; instead they constitute every chapter of the book.

Let me give you another illustration. Not far from Moscow there is a palace of the olden days. This was the home of the aristocratic family of Count Apraksin. It is situated on a hill. The scenery all around is most enchanting—composed of harvest fields, river, and hilly forests. There are two lakes and numerous fountains on the estate. There are also huge pillared rooms, high verandas, antique furniture, paintings, a reception house decorated with pieces of marble statues, a music hall, rooms for games, a library, and a dance hall. A group of beautiful buildings surround this palace in the shape of a crescent.

They have now established in this huge palace a coöperative health resort by the name of Algovo—and that for a class of people who once counted as mere slaves in this palace.

There is a coöperative society in the Soviet political union, the principal function of which is to build homes for the workers of Russia. The society is known as The Home of Rest. This Algovo is under the supervision of this Union.

This Union manages four more similar sanatoria. When the season of work is over, at least thirty thousand tired workers can enjoy rest in these homes. Every person is allowed to stay here for two weeks. Generous provisions are made for food, comfort, and medical treatment. The establishment of such coöperative homes is meeting with popular approval. Never, anywhere in the whole world, was there ever a country that so profoundly pondered over the problem of rest for the workers. Even the wealthy classes of India scarcely enjoy such opportunities.

Now that you have learned something about the treatment of the workers in Russia, let me tell you a little about the provisions for the children here. They never for a moment take into consideration the difference between an illegitimate child and a child born of a married couple. The law provides that the parents are the guardians of their children until they attain majority at eighteen. But the state is not indifferent as to how the children should be reared and educated. The parents are not allowed to let a child work at all before he is sixteen years old. Up to eighteen they are allowed to work six hours a day. Whether the parents are doing their duty by their children is determined by the Guardians' Department of the government. The officers of this department often inspect the condition of health and education of the children.

If the parents show any negligence in the rearing of their children, then the state takes away such children from under the roofs of their parents, the Guardians' Department of the government having full charge of them. The parents are still held responsible for the maintenance of such children.

The idea behind it all is this: Children do not belong to parents alone. They principally belong to the community. The well-being of the entire community depends upon their well-being. It is the duty of the community to see that its children are properly reared. For it is the community that reaps the harvest of the deeds—good or bad—of its children. To think properly is to realize that the responsibility of the community in such cases is by no means less than the responsibility of the parents.

They think similarly about the general public. They hold that the existence of the general public is not mainly for the comfort and convenience of a particular class. They are a limb of the entire body of society; and not a sub-limb of a particular class of society. The state itself is responsible for their well-being. So it is not permissible in Soviet Russia to supersede public welfare by any claim whatsoever of private enjoyment and private power.

I do not think, however, that the Russians have as yet fully realized the subtle lines of demarcation in the boundary lands of the horizon of the individual and the communal. Judged from the higher point of view they are just like the Fascists. Thus they are not at all willing to take cognizance of any opposition to the repression of the individual for the sake of the whole. They forget that it is impossible to strengthen the whole by weakening the individual; that the whole cannot be free, if the individual is enslaved. Here dictatorship is going on in full speed. For a time such dictatorship may yield results; but never for ever. It is never possible to find able dictators in succession.

And again, the temptation of unbridled power gives birth to a delirium of human intellect. But there is some consolation in the fact that considering the fundamentals of human existence, though the Soviet authorities have not hesitated in the least to cruelly crush individual liberty, yet, by dint of intensive public education and unbounded opportunities for culture, they have been constantly increasing the latent power of every individual—man, woman, and child. In this respect they widely differ from the Fascists. They have made education subservient to their particular will. And then, partly by force, and partly by a sweet system of hypnotism, they have turned this system of education into a drab uniformity. And yet, they have not sought to stop the cultivation of the intellect of the general public. It is true that for the propagation of the ideals of the Soviet they supplement their power of persuasion with the power of arms; and yet they have not abandoned the power of logic altogether. And they are making mighty endeavors to keep the human mind free from the superstition of religion, and from the blindness of social traditions.

It is not so easy to free the human mind in one direction, and then make it subservient to tyranny in another direction. The influence of fear may function for a while; but some day the educated mind will cry shame on its own cowardice and is sure to imperatively demand its rights for independence of thought. They have tyrannized over the physical body of man, but not his mental body. The real tyrants first crush the mind of man. But the Russians are adding virility to the very life of man. There lies their path to salvation!

Within a few hours we reach New York today. There begins a new act to the drama of my life. I no longer like to wander from country to country this way. I intensely debated in my mind regarding this trip to America. But greed for the success of my school triumphed in the end.

[To be continued.]

Correspondence

Heroes of Peace

Editor of UNITY:

With the approach of Memorial Day—May 31st this year—readers of UNITY may be interested to learn of a certain new feature which has been added to the day's observance. This consists of honoring, alongside of the soldiers who have lost their lives in war, workers who have lost their lives at their employment and women who have lost their lives in childbirth. Originating in Cincinnati and copied in various parts of the country, beautiful services commemorating these "Heroes of Social Construction" have been held every Memorial Day since May 30, 1923. Complete descriptions are obtainable free of charge by addressing *The Peace Heroes Memorial Society,* 842 Lexington Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ABRAHAM CRONBACH
Secretary of the Peace Heroes Memorial Society

Japanese Invasions in Seattle

Editor of UNITY:

Every morning I walk along the Boulevard on Queen Ann Hill from Garfield Street to Boston. The Japanese trees—a hundred of them—are out in brilliance and glory. They are gifts from Japan to Seattle. They would form an occasion for an annual recognition of international friendship. Before many years these trees will contribute to the reputation of that Hill for attractiveness. They are quite worth seeing. It is a beautiful Japanese invasion!

In the recent papers I saw the pictures of ten or a dozen valedictorians and salutatorians who had taken class honors in the high schools of our city. I took note that three or four of these were Japanese Americans. I am told that this percentage is not an exception—that our Japanese American students frequently carry off the honors. Again, a fine invasion! Such scholarship must raise the tone of our entire educational system.

As an American citizen, I wish to pay tribute to these American born Japanese—and therefore 100 per centers—and wish them well. It is quite possible that our country will some day receive high benefits from some of them. I feel greatly indebted for these invasions. And I could name other beneficial invasions of the Japanese.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Seattle, Washington.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 106)

kept before us for distinguished service. Let it not be forgotten also that however unselfish the motives which prompted enlistment, and however high the ideals of these and other soldiers, 'the service' which was required and expected was to shoot, stab, bomb, poison, and destroy their fellowmen; to harass, terrorize, and starve women and children and the aged. Obviously this is contrary to the principles of religion. Even if one believes in the tragic necessity of such service in war, the question still remains whether temples of religion are proper places to erect memorials for war service. It is asked only that one give careful thought to the whole matter before venturing an opinion.

Swiss Air Raid Defense

The Swiss government has suddenly decided that the whole country should be drilled for air raid defense. This passion for what is termed "passive resistance against air raids" has gone so far that the Swiss have made an informal request to the League of Nations Secretariat.

League officials have been asked to take the necessary precautions for darkening the whole building after nightfall at a minute's notice. Many believe that this entire maneuver is merely encouragement and aid for those semi-war industries which are manufacturing special shutters for cutting off light from the windows; for the newly constructed League of Nations Palace is a huge building and a well-known landmark which can be spotted by any aviator on the darkest night. But as a scare-stunt it is all very effective. Almost anybody can be brought into line if he is told: "Even the League Secretariat is taking special measures of precaution against air raids."

In Zurich, the Association for Air Defense Materials of the Zurich Air Defense League has distributed a flier throughout the city. On one side of this sheet may be found an appeal to prepare for darkening the whole house. On the other side is an elaborate price-list of various types of needed materials, from specially constructed electric bulbs to various kinds of window hangings. The cost of darkening a four-room house ranges between 7.15 to 11.95 francs. The flier emphasizes the fact that this campaign is a "practical and patriotic deed," and that all materials are furnished at cost prices. But there is a 5 per cent reduction for all members of the Zurich Air Defense Society.—*No-frontier News Service.*

John Haynes Holmes, Editor — Curtis W. Reese, Managing Editor

UNITY

Introducing UNITY to new readers, we offer a trial subscription of . . .

6 Months for $1.00

A Journal of Free and Critical Opinion

UNITY
700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago

Please enter my subscription for a trial period of six months, for which I enclose $1.00.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Published semi-monthly.
Regular subscription $3.00.